

THE ARTEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.



VOL. III.

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NO. 22.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MOUNTAINS.

—Unto him,
High mountains were a feeling—but the hum
Of human cities, torture.—

Byron's "Childe Harold."

Awakeners of high thought!—whose awful heads
Look proud and glorious in the summer-heaven,
On you, the gorgeous sun-set's pinion sheds
A hallow'd radiance, ere the dusky even;—
There the pure stars in chastened splendor shine,
Unsullied shrines in the deep ether burning;
Where Man should gaze, and own a thrill divine,
Earth's fitful dreams and transient phantoms
spurning.

Ye, that arouse the soul!—on whose pale brows
Deep shades and smiles are oft alternate blending,
As the sun lingers on your stainless snows,
While to the vale the tempest-clouds descending;
How doth the spirit waken from its truce,
As the loud torrent from the rock is sweeping;
While the bright spray-drops on the free air
glance,
And the glad Bow o'er all its watch is keeping?

Jan. 26, 1830. K—.

MISCELLANY.

NORTH CAROLINA CAPT. KIDD.

BLACK BEARD.—Who has not heard of the famous Black Beard, the noted freebooter, who, according to vulgar credulity, has buried chests of money upon the banks of almost every deep creek along our coasts, and whose headless trunk, when slain, swam nine times round vessel! The true history of this man, so famous in the legends of North Carolina, will be found in the following account, taken from Williamson's History of North Carolina. His real name was Teach, and he pursued his piratical adventures on our coast about the year 1717.

Governor E. and Tobias Knight, the Secretary of the Colony, were both suspected of confederating with this man.—Teach, the noted freebooter, who was surnamed Black Beard, while he pursued his piracies, used to retire to the mouth of the Pamlico river, in North Carolina, to refit his vessel. Bath county was thinly inhabited; and Teach frequently went ashore, to the town of that name, without restraint; for, guarded as he was, he could not be easily apprehended. He lived on terms of familiarity with some of the inhabitants, who did not count it dishonorable to associate with a robber. T. Knight, a member of the Council, Secretary of the Province, and Collector of the Customs, for the port of Bath, was, unfortunately, in the number of his friends.—King George the First, in the year 1717, was pleased to issue a proclamation, offering a pardon to all pirates, who should surrender themselves, within a limited time, to any of the colonial Governors.—This was deemed to be the most expeditious method of obtaining relief from a common pest. Teach, and twenty of his men, surrendered themselves to the Governor of North Carolina, and took the oath of allegiance. His associates dispersed themselves, and some of them went to work. But Teach was an intemperate man, and had long been in the habits of idleness. In a short time his money was

expended. Those treasures were of no use to him, which vulgar credulity, prone to believe a wonderful story, has passed to his account. The man, who is said, and believed to have buried pots or chests of money, in every deep creek along our coast, had not the means of supporting himself on shore, when he left off cruising; wherefore he resolved to risk his life, by returning to his piracies. For this purpose, he fitted out a sloop, enlisted a proper crew, and cleared as a common trader, for the Island of St. Thomas. After a few weeks, he returned to Carolina, and brought with him a French ship, laden with sugar, coffee, and cotton. He made oath before the Governor, with four of his people, that he found the ship deserted at sea; upon which, he was allowed to enter at the Custom-house. He landed his sugar, and other goods, and hove down his sloop, to give her a clean bottom, at the place that is now called Teach's Hole, within Ocracoke Inlet. Knight, who was a Collector of the Customs, lived on Pamlico river, a few miles below the port of Bath.—Teach had been at his house during these transactions; for he stored twenty barrels of sugar, and two bags of coffee, in his barn. Whatever the Governor or his Secretary may have thought of an old pirate, who alleged that he found a tight ship, with a valuable cargo deserted at sea, other people were disposed to view it as a piratical adventure. The Assembly of Virginia offered a reward of one hundred pounds for Teach, and ten pounds for each of his associates. There were two ships of war then at their mooring, in Hampton Roads. Maynard, a lieu tenant in one of the ships, taking with him two small coasters, and a sufficient number of men, sailed in quest of Teach, and found him at his usual careening place.—When the action began, Teach had only 17 men with him; but he fought like a desperado, who was resolved to escape the gibbet. He was killed in the action and nine of his men. Eight of them were taken. Thirty of Maynard's men were killed or wounded. [The Pirates, who survived the action, were tried in Virginia.—One of them, Basilica Hand, turned King's evidence; and four of them were executed, after they had confessed the truth of Hand's deposition. It followed, as a necessary consequence, from the testimony of Hand, that Secretary Knight was privy to the last act of piracy. A copy of these examinations was sent to the Governor of North Carolina, by the Court of Admiralty, who alleged, that Knight should be tried as an accomplice. When Knight was summoned to appear before the council, he exculpated himself by the testimony of a young man, who lived with him in his house. The testimony was directly opposed to the evidence of Hand; and the presumption in that case, should have been in favor of Knight's innocence; for the testimony of a pirate, who turned King's evidence, supported by the declaration of four negro pirates, who were condemned, could do little injury in a fair character; but there was other evidence, more to be trusted, than such oaths. By that evidence, Knight's character was destroyed; and the Governor's did not escape suspicion. A letter from Knight was found in

Teach's pocket, dated a few days before he fell into the hands of Maynard. That letter referred to a secret, not to be trusted to paper. It was proof of Knight's friendship for a freebooter, and a clear intimation of the Governor's respect.—There was also a silver cup found in Teach's cabin, of which he had lately robbed a boatman on the river, below Knight's house."

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE
IN MASSACHUSETTS.

As to women themselves, the operation of the law is so far clandestine, lovers rarely enlightening their mistresses on this subject, that few know that by marriage, all their property, except house and field is transferred by the law of the land, absolutely to the husband; that the gifts of the fond father, the earnings of the wife, belong to him, all the income of a woman's real estate, all that accrues to her before or after marriage, is his; not merely a possession common to both, but exclusively his, liable to be seized by his creditor's, his to sell, to bequeath, to give to a Hindoo, or a Hottentot, if he so please; that a married woman, so far from denominating, with truth, *hers*, even the furniture her father gave her, cannot according to law, apply to it, the term *our*; she must ask leave and means, however wealthy she may have been, to bestow an alms, or a gift. By law, the affluence of the richest married heiress dwindles into a mere claim for necessities. An honest courtship, congruous to the law, should begin with a lesson of philosophy.

"What riches give us, let us now enquire,
Meat, fire and clothes; what more? meat, clothes,
and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?"

This would be no more than a suitable preparation for the legalized ditty of Robin Hood,

"What's yours 'll be mine,
What's mine's my own."

The property taken from the wife, may go into the hands of a kind and provident husband, or fall into the possession of an idiot, a tyrant, a miser, or a spendthrift; it may pamper a mistress, or be staked at a gaming table; be dissipated by the intemperate, or take to itself the wings of a desperate speculation; it may pay not only the debts of the husband, contracted on the credit of it, but the debts of others, for which, in a moment of credulity, or vanity, he may have been bound.—The "meat, clothes and fire," are very uncertain.—If not exhausted by any of these means, it may go to heirs, (the wife is not the legal heir of the fortune she carries into her husband's hands,) by no means the object of choice to her from whom the law has wrested it, to the unallied, to the unkind, to the injurious. *

What a long list would the discerning Diable Boiteux make out of the splenetic, nervous, broken hearted wives, rendered so by the operation of this law! How many quiet and happy faces has it darkened with discontent, or withered prematurely with repining! Under this antiquated law how many amiable women have become the prey of Beverleys? How many exchanged the ease and dignity of indepen-

dence, for the perpetual irritation of embarrassed circumstances, or even the mortifying condition of hopeless debt! How often has the selfish or thoughtless husband squandered what the affectionate father straitened himself to give! How frequently has the scanty pittance, amassed by minute savings, fruits of the lasting hand and eye of the school mistress, the seamstress, or the female domestic, been abandoned by this law, to the swift expenditure of the idler and profligate! The rich heiress, become poor, is more pitié than these, but property, like the sybilline verse, increases in value as it diminishes in quantity. How many inheritances has this law transferred to strange blood?—Under its operation who has not seen one decayed, paternal threshold, pass to strange feet? Trees planted by the hand of providential consanguinity, shed their fruits into the laps of strangers? How many children has it robbed of the education and trainings to which their mother's fortune would entitle them. How often does the dear-earned substance of an anxious and laborious life, instead of ministering comfort or ease to the beloved daughter, tend only to a painful disappointment, which

"Stamps wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears frets channels in her cheeks."

How often does it operate only to unfit her for the indigence into which the husband will plunge her!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott when between 10 and 11 years of age, and when he was attending the High Schools, Edinburgh. His masters there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with some grief acknowledged that they spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm, standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called him repeatedly; but he remained looking upwards without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him. "Mother," said he, "I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil." She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these words on it:

"Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole;
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners thy just judgment fear."

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes, for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides.—Extract from an Original Letter.

SCHOLAR.—The life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.—Rasselas.

SELECT TALES.

THE BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE.

MARY ROBINSON.

'Tis true; 'tis true: and pity 'tis, 'tis true.
SHAKSPEARE.

About nine miles from the town of Keswick, in Cumberland, which is romantically seated at the foot of the lake of Derwentwater—once the property of the ill-fated nobleman of that name, who lost his life on the scaffold in the rebellion of 1715—are situated the lake and vale of Buttermere. The road thither from Keswick, is one of the most romantic that can be conceived; the first few miles running through the fertile vale of Newlands; and the last winding its rugged way literally through a dell. On each side of the road immense walls of rock rise perpendicularly, and form the basis of the lofty mountains of Whiteless, Pike, and Robinson, which exclude every thing from the traveller except the light of day; until having scaled a mountain of purple colored rock, presenting thousands of gaping chasms, evacuated by torrents, down which, especially after a heavy rain, a variety of picturesque cascades are seen in foaming grandeur, the secluded vale of Buttermere breaks upon his view, bounded, except at its northern extremity or outlet, by precipitous and towering rocks; and containing a small lake about a mile and a quarter in length by little more than half a mile in breadth.

In the village of Buttermere, which does not consist of more than sixteen houses, lived the heroine of the present history. Mary Robinson, or *Mary of Buttermere*, or the *Buttermere Beauty*, as she was variously called, was the daughter of the honest innkeeper of this small village. The lake of Buttermere does not, by any means, possess that sublimity of scenery, for which almost all the lake district is celebrated; it was, consequently, but rarely visited by the traveller, until, about the commencement of the present century, when much interest was excited by the mournful story of *Mary of Buttermere*.

Mary, unhappily for her, was first drawn from her obscurity by the author of a "*Fortnight's Ramble*" to the lakes, who described her, in the year 1793, under the name of Sally, in a strain of hyperbolical eulogy for which he was partly indebted to his own fertile imagination.—At the age of 16 she is described as possessed of a countenance beaming with indescribable sweetness; the commanding graces of her fine form being equalled only by her innate good sense and excellent disposition. Her mild dignity, so little to be expected in one of her humble station, threw a charm around her, which became the source of much unpleasant intrusion and notoriety. Well do we recollect to have seen the walls of the humble tavern at Buttermere, and the windows, covered with the effusions of those who had been drawn thither by her celebrity; for although at that period (1809) she was no longer an inmate of those walls; the sympathies for her misfortunes had prevented the honest successors of Mr. Robinson, from removing any of those eulogisms which had, in this manner, been so lavishly paid her.

It was in the year 1802, that she was destined to become acquainted with an individual, who succeeded in converting this scene of happy innocence into one of distress and misery; and with whose history her own, from that period, was intimately united. John Hatfield, a name now notorious in the annals of villainy and imposture, was born in the year 1759, in Cheshire, of humble and needy parents. He was possessed of unusual natural abilities, which, if properly directed, might have rendered him an ornament to society; but,

unhappily for him, they proved the cause of wretchedness and ruin. At an early age he was apprenticed to a linen-draper; and was, for sometime, employed as a rider in the north of England. In the course of his travels in this capacity, he became acquainted with a young female—a natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners—who had promised to give her one thousand pounds, provided she married in accordance with his wishes. Hatfield, accordingly, paid his respects to the parent—who, conceiving the young man to be what he represented himself, gave his consent at the first interview; and, on the day after the marriage, presented the bridegroom with a draft on his banker for fifteen hundred pounds.

Shortly after the receipt of his Lordship's bounty, Hatfield set off for London, hired a small phaeton, was perpetually seen at the coffee houses in Covent Garden, and passed himself off as a near relation to the Rutland family. When his wife's marriage portion was exhausted, which soon happened, he left London and was but little heard of; until about the year 1782, when he again visited the metropolis, having left his wife with three children to depend upon the charity of her relations. Happily for her, she did not long survive.

In the year 1784 or 1785, the Duke of Rutland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and shortly after his Grace's arrival in Dublin, Hatfield made his appearance in that city. Immediately on landing he engaged a suite of apartments at an hotel in College Green, and represented himself to be nearly allied to the viceroy; but stated that he could not appear at the castle until his horses, servants and carriages, should arrive; which he had ordered to be shipped at Liverpool before he left England.

The easy and familiar manner in which he addressed the master of the hotel, perfectly satisfied him, that he had a man of consequence in his house, and matters were arranged, accordingly, to Hatfield's wishes. He now soon found his way to Lucan's coffee house, a place frequented by people of rank, where his statements regarding his Yorkshire park, his Rutland family, maintained their ground for about a month. In 1792 he went to Scarborough, introduced himself to the acquaintance of several persons of distinction in that neighborhood, and insinuated that, through the interest of the Duke of Rutland, he was about to be one of the representatives in Parliament for the borough.

After a stay of several weeks at the principal inn at Scarborough, his inability to pay his bill gave occasion to the detection of his imposture. He hastened to London, and soon after his arrival there, he was arrested for this debt and thrown into prison. He had been eight years and a half in confinement, when a young lady from Devonshire, with whom he had become acquainted, paid his debts, released him from prison, and gave him her hand in marriage.

Soon after this he was liberated; and it was not long before this he had the good fortune to prevail with some highly respectable merchants in Devonshire to receive him into partnership, and to induce a clergyman to accept his drafts to a large amount. Upon this foundation he made a splendid appearance in London; and prior to a general election which occurred about that period, he had the effrontery to commence a canvass in the borough of Queensborough. In the meantime some suspicion was entertained respecting his character and the state of his fortune. Investigation led to exposure; when he fled from the indignation of his creditors and was declared a bankrupt, for the purpose of bringing his villainies to light. Having abandoned his second wife

and two infant children, he visited different places, tarrying a longer or shorter time at each, until, in 1802, he arrived at Keswick in a carriage, but without any servant, where he assumed the name of the Hon. Alexander Augustus Hope, Colonel of the 14th regiment, brother of the earl of Hopetoun, and member for Linlithgow.

It was at this period, that he first became acquainted with Mary Robinson, whose celebrity had already reached his ears through the exaggerated statements of former travellers. The manners of Hatfield were extremely polished and insinuating; and it was not long before he made an impression upon Mary which ultimately led to such disastrous results.—She was, at this time, about the age of twenty four; and although she had lost some of that simplicity and of those charms which a few years before had been the theme of every tongue, she was still extremely pleasing. The mild dignity which had distinguished her earlier years, still existed. It was indeed, if possible, yet more striking; and in some measure compensated for the decadency of other personal attractions.

The lives of the inhabitants of this secluded region have long been noted for their guileless simplicity. Not many years ago the thief and the bandit were unknown there; but the monotonous tenor of their way was destined to be rudely deranged by the guilty wiles of the most arch of impostors. In company with Mary Robinson and her youthful brother, Hatfield would frequently visit the romantic places in the neighborhood; at times skimming the surface of a glassy lake, or catching the delicious Trout and the Charr; at others, mounting the precipitous rocks and enjoying the wild prospect around them.

There was one strikingly romantic object to which their walks were repeatedly directed, and which has ever been an object of high admiration to the passing traveller. Scale Force is the name of a cascade, situated in a deep chasm of the mountains between immense rocks, from which at a height of upwards of one hundred and ninety feet, the water falls in an unbroken sheet, and with a noise that seems to shake them to their foundation. The chasm, by which this scene is approached, is not more than four or five yards wide; the rocks rising up perpendicularly on each side, and being covered with moss and fern, with the ash and the oak, all nourished by the constant spray and flourishing in the utmost luxuriance; the lofty trees throwing an indescribable gloom over the whole scene. After many days this cascade appears like a white ribbon stretched on a piece of black velvet; but, when swollen by heavy rains, it is seen in all its glory. The body of water, then foaming down the steep, nearly fills the chasm, and the noise is sufficient to strike the most intrepid with awe and alarm.

In such scenes and under such propitious circumstances, so subtle, so accomplished a villain could not fail to ensnare the affections of one so unaffected, and so ignorant of the wiles of the world as Mary Robinson; nor were the parents averse to the attentions of Hatfield. His conduct appeared to them for sometime so open and so honorable, whilst his presumed rank was infinitely higher than they could ever have expected their child, with all her virtues, to attain.

About this time, however, Hatfield, or as he was then imagined, the Hon. Alexander Augustus Hope, became acquainted with an Irish gentleman, a member of the Irish Parliament, who had been resident with his family for some months at Keswick, when a Mr. Harding, a Welsh judge and an eccentric individual passing through Keswick, heard of his singular proceedings, and sent his servant over to Buttermere with a note to the supposed Colonel Hope, who returned with the answer that there was some mistake, and that the note was for a brother of his. Hatfield sent to Keswick, however, for four horses; and posted over to that place, where he

personal attractions. To her whilst he was addressing the deluded Mary, Hatfield also paid his addresses, and succeeded at length, in obtaining her consent. She insisted, however, that the pretended Col. Hope should introduce the subject formally to his friends. He now pretended to write letters; and while waiting for the answers, proposed that the time should be employed in a trip to Lord Hopetoun's seat; but the lady properly declined.

From this period he began to play a double game. His attentions to Mary Robinson were as fervent as ever; whilst his visits to Keswick were frequent, and his suit to the young lady became more and more assiduous and urgent. Still, both at Buttermere and Keswick, he was somewhat shy of appearing in public.—Whenever additional travellers were expected at the tavern at Buttermere, he was sure to be engaged in some fishing excursion; whilst he never attended divine service at Keswick except once. Finding his schemes for obtaining this young lady and her fortune now baffled, he applied himself wholly to gain possession of Mary Robinson, and unfortunately, the hold he had obtained on her affections rendered this a matter of no difficulty. She consented to become the wife of Col. Hope; a license was procured, and on the 2nd. of October they were married in the church of Lorton, a beautiful village situated in a romantic valley, about five miles distant from Buttermere.

The day before his marriage with Mary Robinson, he wrote to the Irish member of Parliament at Keswick, informing him that he was under the necessity of being absent for ten days on a journey into Scotland, and enclosing him a draft for thirty pounds, drawn on a gentleman of Liverpool, desiring him to cash it, to pay some small debts for him in Keswick, and to transmit the balance to Buttermere, as he feared he might be in want of money on the road. With this his friend immediately complied; and, in addition to the balance, sent him ten guineas. On the day of their marriage, the landlord of the inn at Keswick, where Hatfield resided, returned thither from London, with intelligence, that the *soi-disant* Col. Hope on that morning had married the *Beauty of Buttermere*.

As it was clear, that whoever he was, he acted unworthily and dishonorably, suspicions were now awakened. The draft was remitted to Liverpool, but it was instantly accepted. The friend of the young lady, to whom he had paid his addresses at Keswick, now wrote to the Earl of Hopetoun, but before the answer arrived, Hatfield and his wife returned to Buttermere. He went only as far north as Longtown, where he received two letters, appeared to be much concerned that some friends whom he had expected, had not arrived there; stayed a few days; and then told his wife that he should return to Buttermere. From this period she became a prey to doubts and fears. She had, indeed, too many reasons for believing, that her husband was an arrant impostor.

The marriage of Hatfield and Mary Robinson, with all the circumstances attending upon it, was of course the theme of every conversation in a part of the country where the incidents are usually of so monotonous a character. His return to Buttermere was soon made known at Keswick, when a Mr. Harding, a Welsh judge and an eccentric individual passing through Keswick, heard of his singular proceedings, and sent his servant over to Buttermere with a note to the supposed Colonel Hope, who returned with the answer that there was some mistake, and that the note was for a brother of his. Hatfield sent to Keswick, however, for four horses; and posted over to that place, where he

drew another draft on the gentleman in Liverpool for twenty pounds, which the landlord of the inn at Keswick had the courage to cash. Of this sum he immediately sent the ten guineas to his Irish friend, who had lent it to him. He was then introduced to Judge Harding as his old friend Colonel Hope, when he made a blank denial that he had ever assumed the name; still asserting that his name was Hope, but that he had never affirmed he was the honorable member for Linlithgow. In spite, however, of his barefaced declarations, the evidence against him was of the most decisive character. A warrant was granted on the clear proof of his having forged and received several letters franked as the member for Linlithgow, and he was given in charge to a constable, but having found means to escape, he took refuge, for a few days, on board a sloop off Ravenglass; then went in a stage to Ulverstone, and was afterwards seen at the hotel in Chester.

He was traced to Brueith in Brecknockshire, and was, at length, apprehended near Swansea and committed to Brecon jail. From thence he was conveyed to London by a Bow street officer, where he was examined on his arrival, before the magistrates. The warrant by the Cumberland justice of the peace was produced against him, and he was committed for trial at the approaching assizes at Carlisle. His trial came on in August 1803. The evidence against him was of the clearest and most satisfactory character; and, after a consultation of about ten minutes, the jury returned a verdict—*Guilty of forgery*. On the third of September he was executed. Notwithstanding his various and complicated enormities, his untimely end excited considerable commiseration—a commiseration, indeed, which is too generally in proportion to the extent of the villainy. His manners, however, were extremely polished and insinuating, and he was possessed of qualities which might have rendered him a distinguished member of society. They, consequently, who had been the dupes of his artifices, could not help feeling a pity for the premature extinction of those talents which had succeeded in beguiling them.

For a time the unfortunate Mary was vehemently afflicted. Shame at her ready acquiescence in the solicitations of one whom she had known so short a time, mortification that she should have been the dupe of so artful an impostor; conjoined, perhaps, with some remains of affection towards him, induced her to indulge her griefs in solitude, and to retire from the impertinent visits of unfeeling curiosity. A combination of such feelings had long, likewise, agitated her honest and respectable parents; and they are reputed to have exclaimed “God be thanked!” when the intelligence reached them that Hatfield was certainly executed. A few years after she became a widow, Mary was seen by a friend of the author of this article. Her features were, at that time, pervaded with a melancholy meekness, but her beauty was fled; and, with it, that peculiar elegance of form for which she had been formerly distinguished.—Time succeeded in blunting the acuteness of her sufferings, whilst her tragical history continued to excite the commiseration of many of her rustic neighbors. On one of these she ultimately bestowed her hand and, in 1810, she was the wife of a neighboring statesman—then indeed no longer the *Beauty of Buttermere*, but the helpmate of a reputable farmer, blessed with considerable good humor; but possessed of none of those charms which had, at one time, attracted the attention and admiration of every visitor of sentiment.

The memory of this eventful story has now nearly died away; but still the tradi-

tions concerning it are detailed with more or less accuracy by the inhabitants of these romantic regions; and the ear of the youngster, on the parental lap, is still enchanted by a recital of the strange adventures of the “*Keswick Impostor*.”

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LOVE, AND A LOVER'S FANCIES.

Ever since I was a boy, I have had the name of being one of the most serious and taciturn fellows that ever drew breath in this sublunary world of ours. It was said that I thought of nothing, and cared for nothing, part of which was true, and part of which was a slanderous falsehood, for I certainly was in the habit of thinking much, in proportion as I talked but little; the one was in an inverse ratio to the other. But it was a fact, that my mind was so apathetically constituted, (if I may make use of such a term,) that I looked upon the occurrences of life, whether good or bad, with an indifference which often led me to think that existence was but a dream, and the creatures which peopled its scenes, were but the phantasies of some ideal being, with whose vagaries I had some strange and unaccountable connection. As I grew up, the clouds of misfortune gathered thick and heavy over my family—but I cared not; the sunshine of prosperity, or the gloom of poverty was equally unwelcome; I ate of the coarsest food and the most famous dainties with equal relish, and cared for neither.

At length I became a wanderer, and roamed over the land and sea, seeking amidst the beauties of art, and the more stupendous wonders of nature, for something that could warm my chilled feelings into interest. But it was all in vain. I went to Rome, and beheld the monuments of her glory and her degradation—I sat upon the banks of the Niagara, and saw the mighty torrent of waters, howling and dashing from the towering height of the precipice into the terrific abyss. I was on the boundless sea, where the fathomed line of the mariner could never find a bottom, and I thought—yes, I thought of the unknown things forever hidden under the salt waves—of the dead men's bones—of the wrecks and riches its all devouring tide had swallowed up since the creation. I thought of the horrid monsters that live and move in the depth of its caverns. I saw upon its surface the spouting whale—the voracious shark—and the sportive dolphin. I saw its billows in the calmness of rest, and again wild with commotion. Yes, I beheld the tempest raging, and death almost visible careering on its wings: when the contending elements of the air and the waters seemed to threaten the annihilation of the world, mocking to scorn in their wild strife the puny efforts of man in the work of destruction. I saw all these terrors, and thought of the flimsy plank which alone separated my soul from eternity, of the frail invention to which only I could look for safety; and yet I felt not—cared not—I could have asked of the wind to howl still louder, of the ocean, to rage with yet more fury.

I returned to the home of my nativity; but amidst the bustle of towns, or the solitude of the country, I was still unchanged.

I found no relish in society, and yet cared not to be alone. Even the bottle, that wretched solace of the wretched, had no charms for me. I have poured down the fiery poison until my brain reeled, but there was no warmth, no excitement, no increased susceptibility of feeling; I became stupid, but even that stupidity, whilst it rendered me more callous, had no effect upon the almost preternatural intensity of my thoughts.

With female society I had but little opportunity, and still less inclination, to hold any intercourse. I looked upon them with indifference, and their fantastic fashions with contempt. I thought if an hundred thousand cupids lay ambushed in their gaudy trappings, their arrows could never pierce a heart so bound in iron, so cold, and rigid, and impenetrable as mine. And yet I was a fool! In the hour when I thought least of it, there came over me a change, so sudden, so complete, that even now, when the chain of sensation has been in a great measure unwound, I cannot but marvel how it could have been effected. But it was not in the city amidst the gay butterflies of the streets, that the frost-work which nature had built up in my bosom was melted down.

It was in a little valley, almost in the wilderness—one of those romantic nooks which nature seems to have chosen for her own favorite abode, and in which loneliness appears to add new charms to beauty; that I beheld a girl, wild as the scenery of her home, and more beautiful than the flowers amongst which she had been reared. Her spirits were as light as the most guileless innocence could render them, and her step was like that of the young fawn, brushing the early dew from the mountain laurel—but it is needless to dwell upon her charms.

It is enough, that I saw her, and loved with an intensity, which I believe is unknown to other men. Her name was—but I called her Delia, for what reason I know not, only that it seemed more easily put into rhyme, for as soon as I was a lover I became a poet. You will be surprised, but not more so than myself. Never before did I deem that I should ever be guilty of such folly. But I was changed—wholly changed. I began to feel a joy in the solitude of hills, in the opening of the young buds in the spring, and in the fragrance of the flowers. The name of Delia I inscribed on every tree, and I sung—but you shall hear how I sung.

Harp, that so long has silent lain,
Arouse from slumber—wake again;
But not as thou wer'st wont, to raise
The warrior's song, the hero's praise,
O'er battle-fields with crimson dyed;
Wake no wild notes of war's alarms,
But sing of gentle Delia's charms.

Delia, so beauteous and so true,
In every object meets my view;
The rich red rose her blushes tells,
And oft times with the lily-bells,
Disputes which does the most express,
Her matchless grace and loveliness.

But O! with what shall I compare,
The bright hue of her auburn hair;
The locks that so luxuriant flow,
In ringlets round her neck of snow.

If down by Crumla's banks I rove,
Or wander to some shady grove,
All that is beauteous, all that's fair,
Reminds me Delia's ever there.
In every woodflower's cup I see,
An emblem of her modesty;
The sunbeams on the dew drops shed
The streamlet on its pebbly bed—

The fountain gushing from its spring,
Her pure and artless spirit sing.
And thus it is where'er I go,
Love follows me with bended bow,
In every glen, on every hill,
His shafts pursue and wound me still;
By every rock I vent my sighs,
And Echo rudely mocks my cries;
The very birds they know my flame,
And all day warble Delia's name.

I had never sung the “warrior's song,” or “the hero's praise,” nor had I ever a harp, that I know of, but it makes no difference. I dreamed that I had, and I dreamed a thousand things of the past that never had existence, and ten thousand things of the future that were never to have reality. But I found a happiness in the indulgence of such fancies—such as I had never before enjoyed. I was always dreaming—always rhyming.

O! Delia, wouldst thou fancy me,
What hours of bliss would then be mine,
What joy to bend the suppliant knee,
And worship at so pure a shrine.

It will scarcely be impious to say, as lovers often have said of their mistresses, that Delia was an angel. She was more to me; she was the only thing upon earth, around which my heart would twine; she had warmed my cold, sluggish feelings into active life, and I looked upon her as one of those fabled Houris with which the imagination of Mahomet has peopled the gardens of Paradise. “Yes, Delia!” said I—but I could not speak to my love in sober prose—

Yes, Delia, wouldst thou but be mine,
I'd build a bower in some sweet vale,
Where the wood-robin tells his tale;
And garlands for thy brow I'd twine,
Of the wild-rose and eglantine;
And yet, dear love, they could not be
By half, so fair and sweet as thee.

And O! if grief should ever pour
On thy dear heart one drop of gall,
I, kind love, should bring his balmy store,
To soothe thy sadness—heal it all.
And if, perchance, thou shouldst be gay,
I'd shew thee where the primrose blooms,
And merry warblers all the day,
Sing to their mates their simple tunes;
And thus should love our idol be,
And I would worship him and thee!

There was one peice of scenery which I loved more than others, from its wild and romantic aspect. Large peices of granite lay scattered about in the most fantastic shapes that fancy could suggest. Some, like hugg monsters, rearing their heads amidst the foliage of the trees, others couchant, and half buried in the earth. In the interstices arose clumps of luxuriant chesnuts, which afforded abundance of shade. I called it the grove of sighs. Here I delighted to wander, to indulge the vividness of my imagination, and sometimes to compare the strange difference between my past and present feelings. I had thought life but an illusion, virtue, and honor, and honesty but bubbles, and pleasure a gilded something, which vanishes before it can be touched. I had not changed my theory of these things. If I reasoned, I still came to the same conclusion; but yet the world seemed to have assumed a new and brighter coloring. I was certainly happy, but by what metaphysical operations I became so, I knew not—and indeed I cared not. I was content to ascribe the change to the power of Love and a Lover's Fancies.

“My dear Tom,” said old Sheridan, one day to his son, “I wish you would take a wife.” I have no objection, sir,” said Tom, “whose wife shall I take.”

THE FURLough.

In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polymelus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Canaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady," said the old woman, "come down now to your old mother. Sure it's flog you they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down now ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O, Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother!—It's honor, brother—Honor bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and enquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the punishment of neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honor—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunder-struck.—"Twenty-nine days is it!—You're sartin of that same!—O, mother! mother!—the devil fly away wid yere ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afer living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgement.

"Its a happy man I am, your Honor, for my word's saved, and all by your Hon-

or's means. Long life to your Honor for the same!—May ye live a long hundred—and leap-years every one of them!"

Mr. Neville, known to the republic of letters by his elegant imitations of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, was distinguished by many innocent singularities, as uncommon shyness, and a stammering speech. Dr. Caryl merrily observed, that when he used bad words he could talk fluently enough. A sudden address from a stranger would disconcert him beyond conception. In one of his solitary rambles, a countryman met him, and inquired the road. "Tu-u-rn," says Neville, "to-to-to and so on for a minute or two;" at last he broke out, "D—n it, man, you'll get there before I can tell you!"

FORGETFULNESS.

We parted—friendship's dream had cast Deep interest o'er the brief farewell, And left upon the shadowy past Full many a thought on which to dwell. Such thoughts as come in early youth; And live in fellowship with hope; Robed in the brilliant hues of truth, Unfitted with the world to cope.

We parted—he went o'er the sea And deeper solitude was mine; Yet there remained in memory, For feeling, still a sacred shrine. And thought and hope were offered up Till their ethereal essence fled, And disappointment, from the cup, In dark libations poured, instead.

We parted—"twas an idle dream That thus we e'er should meet again; For who that knew man's heart, would deem That it could long unchanged remain? He sought a foreign clime, and learned Another language, which expressed To strangers the rich thought that burned With unquenched power within his breast.

And soon he better loved to speak In those new accents then his own, His native tongue seemed cold and weak, To breathe the wakened passion's tone. He wandered far, and lingered long.

And drank so deep of Lethe's stream, That each new feeling grew more strong, And all the past was like a dream.

We met—a few glad words were spoken, A few glad words exchanged; But friendship's first romance was broken, For his had been from me estranged. I left it all—we met no more—

My heart was true, but it was proud; Life's early confidence was o'er, And hope had set beneath a cloud.

We met no more—for neither sought To reunite the sever'd chain Of social intercourse; for naught Could join its parted links again.

Too much of the wide world had been Between us for too long a time; And he had looked on many a scene,

The beautiful and the sublime. And he had themes on which to dwell, And memories that were not mine, Which formed a separating spell,

And drew a mystic boundary line. His thoughts were wanderers—and the things Which brought back friendship's joys to me,

To him were but the spirit's wings, Which bore him o'er the distant sea.

For he had seen the evening star Glancing its rays o'er ocean's waves; And marked the moonbeams from afar,

Lighting the Grecian hero's graves. And he had gazed on trees and flowers Beneath Italia's sunny skies,

And listened, in fair ladies' bowers, To genius' words and beauty's sighs.

His steps had echoed through the halls Of grandeur, long left desolate; And he had climbed the crumbling walls,

Or op'd before the hingeless gate; And mused o'er many an ancient pile, In ruin still magnificent,

Whose histories could the hours beguile With dreams, before to fancy lent.

Such recollections came to him, With moon, and stars and summer flowers; To me they bring the shadows dim Of early and of happier hours.

I would those shadows darker fell— For life, with its best powers to bless,

Has but few memories loved as well,

Or welcome as forgetfulness.

FATAL TRICK OF A CONJUROR.—A dreadful incident occurred at Arustadt on the 10th November. On that day Linsky, the celebrated legerdemain performer, gave in the presence of the family of Prince Schwartzburgh-Sondershauser, a grand exhibition, in which he wished to distinguish himself by an extraordinary display of his art. Six soldiers from the garrison were introduced, to fire with ball cartridges at Madame Linsky, the young wife of the conjuror. They were, however, instructed in biting the cartridge to bite off the ball and keep it in the mouth, as they had been shown how to do on a rehearsal. Mad. Linsky, who had recently lost a child, and, besides was pregnant, was for a long time unwilling to perform the part allotted to her in this trick, but, by the persuasion of her husband, she was induced to consent. The soldiers, who were drawn up before the company, took aim at Madame Linsky and fired. For a moment after the firing she remained standing upright, but the next moment she sunk down, saying, "dear husband, I am shot." One of the musket-balls, which had not been bitten off, passed quite through her abdomen. The unfortunate woman never spoke another word, and died on the second day after she received the wound. Many of the spectators fainted, and the horror of the scene has given a shock to the reason of Linsky. It was indeed a spectacle which might well have unmanned the most firm. It is to be hoped that this event will serve as a warning to all conjurors, as well as the spectators of their tricks, who usually show too inconsiderate a confidence in the art of the performer, not only with respect to cases of risk of life, but to other practices of a dangerous nature.

VESTRIS'S EPITAPHIC WIT.—Every body has heard of the late Colonel Congreve, of "rocket memory," so justly celebrated for his inventive genius in the art of destroying his fellow creatures—(the College of Physicians were mere children of innocence compared with our firework Congreve.) The Colonel, who was a musical amateur, one day accompanied Madame Vestris and a party of ladies to view Purcell the composer's monument; and, "with good emphasis and with good discretion," read aloud the epitaph—"He is gone to that place where alone his HARMONY can be excelled."—Vestris, the satirical little syren, who never loses an opportunity of launching a witticism, immediately exclaimed—"La! Colonel; the same epitaph will serve for you, by merely altering one word, thus—"He is gone to that place where alone his FIREWORKS can be exceeded." All laughed but the Colonel, who spouted no more epitaphs that morning.

The minister of a chapel, within the Blackburn Hundred, examining several young applicants of his flock for confirmation, addressed a poor girl, smartly adorned in a new frock, "Well, my girl, and who made you?" "Made (answered she very quickly) why, Betty, sir." "No, no, I mean your body, my dear." "Indeed, sir," replied the girl, casting an admiring look upon her dress, "she made both, body and skirt." "Dear me, young woman," said the minister, "you must be very weak not to understand me."—"weak!" (hastily interrupted the girl) I may well be weak; for, do you know, sir, my mother has forced me to take physic all this week." There was no resisting this display, and the baffled clergyman was fairly forced to give up the point.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.—Lavater.

THEATRICAL.

The Theatre.—We have said but little about Theatricals of late for two very good reasons; one of them is that our dramatic writer is engaged in more profitable pursuits, and the other, that we are similarly engaged—or if this will not pass for two reasons, we can add that we have had somewhat of a surfeit of the article, and like the Irishman who had dined, we are waiting for our appetite. Whether we are ever again attacked with a theatrical mania remains to be seen—we acknowledge however, that if we had as good a play, and as good playing as on Tuesday night, we should be very soon caught with their attractions, much, we dare say, to the regret of our readers, and much to the edification of others who are fond of the epithets of "sterling actor," "noble bearing," "spirited manager," "deserving applause," and all that sort of thing. But let that pass—Mr. and Mrs. Wood selected Rowe's Tragedy of the *Fair Penitent* for their benefit on Tuesday, and as one of their admirers, we girded our list on our shoes, shouldered a bludgeon, and spite of our resolution never again to be seen of an evening in our "bloody streets," actually found the way to Old Drury, and having got home safely, thanks to the vigilant patrol, we are disposed to venture a half column or so on theatricals. One of our greatest faults with these plays, is the melancholy introduction of understrappers, who mangle and tear every idea of reality and identity from every scene in which they mingle. On Tuesday, however, there was but little of this, as the characters of the tragedy were few, and in the main, well assured. Of the beauty of Mrs. Wood's declamation, it ill-becomes us to write—In the part of *Calista*, she had some fine passages to recite, in which she gratified her audience to the highest. For Mr. Wood, no praise is necessary; he performed in his best manner, and we are happy to say, that the beneficiaries were surrounded by a company who were capable of feeling the superiority of the exhibition. This play is certainly one of Rowe's most successful efforts; and though the moral be indifferent, the scenic effect is excellent, and the language in some instances rises almost to the sublime. In the mouth of any body but Mrs. Roper, the following lines would be considered as superlatively excellent. Speaking to Horatio, (Wood,) she says, "My little heart is satisfied with you; You take up all her room, as in a cottage, Which harbours some benighted princely stranger, Where the good man, proud of his hospitality, Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest, And hardly keeps a corner for himself."

The following passage fell from Mr. Wood's lips with peculiar elegance, and its truth seemed impressed upon every hearer with the force of a sermon:

"Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels Are happier than mankind, because they're better. Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend, The avenging fiend, that follows us behind [this, With whips and stings. The blest know none of But rest in everlasting peace of mind, And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness."

Mr. Archer enacted "the gay Lothario." It is a part so difficult to represent, that not more than one performer was ever known to succeed in its representation—Mr. A. then, though he is a good general actor, is not to lose credit for attempting so arduous an undertaking—he did his best, and helped the action of the piece better than most who preceeded him.

There is in this fascinating play a strange mixture of the severity of ancient Rome, and the profligacy of modern Italy. In one scene a father dooms his daughter to death, for the loss of virgin honor—in another, the licentious recitals of her successful paramour class among the other vices which blacken this libertine's character—he dies exulting in his infamy, leaving the ruined *Calista* to reap the sad fruits of his villainy. By the present fashions and modes, the power of the moral example of this play is much diminished, and we hope will ever so continue. The author, without being prolix, has adapted it to the stage with surprising effect; and we may say of it what can be applied to but comparatively few acting tragedies, that it may be read with delight in private, or witnessed on the stage with equal pleasure—provided you always have a Mrs. Wood to personate *Calista*.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20.

The annual report from the Managers of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, appeared in pamphlet form on the 11th of January. From this we learn that the whole of the Canal from Mauch Chunk to Easton, is completed. The execution of the work is of a superior order, and reflects as much credit on the liberality of the Company, as the bare projection of so immense an undertaking does upon their enterprise. This Canal, undertaken and completed wholly by the Company, with its own funds and credit, is forty-six miles and three quarters long, and cost \$1,558,000, including the expense of buying out rights, and paying damages along the route. A new dam is now building at the mouth of the Lehigh, which will add something considerable to the whole amount of cost. The Managers are sanguine in their hopes of even greater success than has already crowned their labors. An uninterrupted navigation, from Mauch Chunk to this city, will probably be opened in July next, as in that month they believe the Delaware Canal will be fully completed. A regular channel will then be opened, subject to be closed only on the approach of winter, through which the produce of their inexhaustible mines will find a constant outlet to the city, thence to be shipped to all ports of the Union. In August, the Morris Canal, which crosses New Jersey at Easton, will be finished, and ready to receive Lehigh Coal, and transport it to a new market. Until the Delaware Canal is permanently finished, no hope of a profit must be entertained by the stockholders. The early part of the season just past, was lost to the Company, in consequence of the passage of boats being obstructed by the works in progress. Since the latter end of June, however, when they were enabled to commence sending coal down, 25,110 tons were shipped from Mauch Chunk. Of this, near 11,000 tons were exported from this city. The tolls received between August 24th and December 31st, were \$1134 00. The Coal has been sold at \$6 50 per ton, delivered, though more might have been obtained for it, if the Company had been disposed to raise the prices with the distresses of the community—a forbearance which entitles the Managers to the lasting consideration and encouragement of all Philadelphia.

During the year 1830, the Managers expect to bring down a larger quantity than was brought in 1829. The Canals being still unfinished, the old arks will continue to be the main dependence.

Josiah White, Esq. the acting Manager, states that he is making preparations to send down 70,000 tons, which is nearly treble the amount brought down in 1829. Considerable lots are sold upon the Lehigh, on its way down. The sales thus made last year, amounted to 5,200 tons. On the Delaware, very considerable quantities are sold—and in this point of view, the Lehigh Company has decidedly the advantage over that of the Schuylkill. An immense and thickly settled country, on both sides of the Delaware, is already beginning to consume coal. It is now hauled as much as fifteen miles from the landing places, into the interior—and farmers are glad to have an article which will do away the necessity of further depreating on their woodland. We have no doubt of the sales along the rivers, (Lehigh and Delaware) between Mauch Chunk and this city, amounting to fifty thousand tons.

As regards the Rail-way, of which so much has been said in print, the wagons now run upon it at the rate of nearly six miles an hour. Mr. White having satisfied himself that the more rapid the progress, the greater the injury they do the roads. Some of the operations of the Company are conducted on a gigantic scale. The quantity of lumber cut and brought down from the forest, last year, to be used in improving the navigation, and in the construction of boats, was within a trifle of six millions of feet. Enough boats could be built in eighty days, by the hands usually employed in the forest, to carry down 100,000 tons of coal. 123,000 tons have been uncovered, in anticipation of the opening of the Delaware Canal. Within the last year, such explorations have been made as prove

that Coal can be quarried for ten miles continuously, east and west. Mere quarrying, without mining, or going an inch under ground, will supply more than a million of tons annually for a century to come.

Red Jacket, who was buried last week, was an Indian Chief celebrated for his eloquence and shrewdness. He was well known to many of our citizens, and though not a polished guest, was invited to the tables of some of our most wealthy inhabitants. We remember having been present when he was pressed to eat beyond his appetite; his reply was after the fashion of an unsophisticated native of the forest, "My body's so full already I can hardly sit up!"

General Washington's Carriage and Horses.—General Washington's Carriage followed its late owner, Mrs. Powel, last week, to her long home. The General bequeathed both carriage and horses to Mrs. Powel, and the latter were long, and still, we believe, are fed and cared for by the same coachman who has for near thirty years been their keeper. For some time the only duty they have performed has been walking out for exercise. Mrs. Powel's husband, Samuel Powel, was Mayor of this city in '93, and died of the prevailing yellow fever. A large estate passes through Mrs. P. to our representative at Harrisburg, Mr. John Hare Powel, who added Powel to his name at the request of his aunt.

Buried Alive.—We insert the following account to serve as a warning to the members of this community. No one can read it without horror.—"The Courier de la Meuse relates that an officer on the retired list, residing at Pont-a-Mousson, in the department of the Meurthe, having fallen into a lethargy on the 7th inst., he was supposed to be dead, and was buried at the end of 35 hours, although the public regulations prescribe that 48 hours should elapse between the time of death and that of burial. The attendants of the funeral having retired, the grave diggers were filling up the grave with earth, when they heard a noise in the coffin. Foolishly imagining that they could not legally open the coffin without a Commissary of Police being present, they went in search of that magistrate, but thereby three quarters of an hour were suffered to elapse. In the presence of a Commissary of Police and a physician, the coffin was taken up and opened, and it was then found that the officer had been really buried alive. The hand of the victim to imprudence was turned behind his head, and his mouth was bloody. They physician attempted to bleed him, and a few drops of blood were obtained; he then burnt one of his fingers, but life was totally extinct. It is probable that is the friends of the deceased had waited the 48 hours prescribed by the police regulations, the unfortunate officer would have been living at this moment.

The annexed story is too good to be lost. "At an anniversary of the London Sunday School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked, that in catechising some children on the subject—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"—the following were the questions and answers:—What is to be done?—The will of God. Where is it to be done? On the earth. How is it to be done? As it is in Heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in Heaven, as they are our patrons? The first replied, "They do it immediately." The second, "They do it actively." The third, "They do it unitedly." Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

Blowing up.—Of all the odd associations of names with professions, we do think that *Burstall*, a steam engine maker in Liverpool, is the most to be deprecated.

Curious Wager.—For a year past, two persons have been travelling in disguise through England, Scotland, and Ireland, professing to be wandering minstrels, soliciting and receiving contributions in return for their music. Who they are is a profound secret to all but themselves; and conjecture is

busy in endeavoring to determine their identity. They are evidently men of education and family: and the presumption is, that this singular pilgrimage on foot originates in a heavy bet, as to who shall collect the larger sum from the public. The following extract details the arrival of one of them in Stamford.

The Gentleman Piper.—This person reached Stamford on Friday last, by the Leicester coach; and after requiring a private room at the George and Angel inn, fortifying himself with part of a bottle of wine, and changing the dress of a gentleman for his "hodden grey" disguise, he sallied forth into the streets with his bagpipes, to gather the contributions of the charitable. The paragraph in our paper of that morning, which stated some particulars of him when at Melton Mowbray on the preceding Saturday, operated as a useful precursor, by whetting the curiosity of the public; and he no sooner appeared in the streets than a crowd of persons collected around him. His harvest in Stamford on Friday must have been considerable; silver was often presented. One poor woman in the butter market, bustled through the crowd, gave him a penny, and dropping a courtesy, said, "I know you my Lord." (It will amuse Lord Stravenham to hear that many of the good folks at the market imbibed the notion that his Lordship was the accomplished piper—and certainly as far as the piping went the Noble Lord would not be disgraced by the performance, for they were said to be the "sweetest notes ever heard" from a pipe between Molins and Lanarkshire.) The minstrel received the penny with his accustomed thankfulness, but assured the good woman that he was "no laird." After performing his round of duty, he returned to his inn, and in his private room enjoyed a good dinner. In the evening he, by invitation, joined in another room a numerous party of tradesmen and others who were attracted to the George and Angel on the occasion, and he amused them highly for an hour or two by his piping and his conversation. On his retiring, a handsome sum was collected and was sent to him in a plate. He spent Saturday in the vocation for which his hodden-grey suit and green spectacles are provided, and Sunday he passed at the lodgings of a musical professor in the town, whose admiration of his skill led him to give an invitation to the stranger, which the latter accepted; and we understand he well repaid the hospitality of his entertainer by his conversational powers, which showed him to be a gentleman who has both seen and read a great deal. His speech leads to the confident belief that he is really a Scotchman, as his garb when collecting contributions would imply, and there is reason to believe that he is an officer in the army; but his features, (his nose is very large and remarkable) are pronounced by some sporting men who saw him, to be certainly not those of Captain Barclay. He left Stamford on Monday for Petersborough; and we understand proceeded thence on Wednesday night, for Huntingdon and Cambridge.

Epigram.—The following epigram is one of the best of its kind. It was addressed to a lawyer who complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in his profession—

Weak eyes are best, be ruled by me,
To view the joyous omen right,
Since able lawyers, all agree,
Must often have the *fee*—blest sight.

UNRIVALLED LITERARY PREMIUMS.

On Saturday, the first of May, 1830, the first number of THE ARIEL, Volume Fourth, will be issued from the press, improved and beautified in every respect, as far as a liberal expenditure of money can enhance the attractions of a literary publication.

In commencing the *Fourth Volume* of THE ARIEL, the Editor confidently expects, from the many improvements to be made, that an increased patronage will be extended towards it. Heretofore it has been liberally extended—now, the inducements to increase that support will be infinitely greater.

THE ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding), with four columns on a page. Its contents consist of the choicest literary brilliants from the standard English Magazines and new publications, as Tales, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, Reviews, Sketches of Life and Character, Anecdotes, and the most amusing Miscellany which can be gleaned by carefully inspecting the Foreign and American publications of known and acknowledged merit. In addition to this, nearly four pages of

each number consist of *original matter*, written exclusively for THE ARIEL, being Notices of New Publications, Poetry, Reviews, Tales, Communications, and matter from the Editor's pen—without mingling in the smallest degree in religious or political controversy.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, eight elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be \$1,50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the *Fourth Volume* are these:—Entirely *new type* will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only *eight* engravings annually, the new Volume will contain *twelve*. The whole will be copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL. Thus, at the close of the year, a volume will be furnished, suitable for the parlor or the toilet, stored with the most valuable literary brilliants of the day, to which a reference may always be made with the certainty of still finding something, which, even if old, will be pleasing.

As the expense of introducing these improvements will be very great, and can only be compensated by an increase of patronage, the Editor offers the following

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

Any person who will procure *sixty* subscribers to THE ARIEL, and remit the subscription money in advance to the Editor, shall receive a copy of the *Waverley Novels*, complete in 45 volumes, illustrated by 45 splendid engravings, and warranted to be perfect—together with a copy of THE ARIEL.

Any person who will procure *twenty-three* subscribers, and remit \$35 in payment therefor, shall receive a copy of *Hume, Smollett and Bisset's History of England*, in nine royal octavo volumes, illustrated by 9 fine engravings—and THE ARIEL.

Any person who will procure *ten* subscribers, and remit the subscription, shall receive a copy of the *Remember Me* for 1829, containing 8 fine engravings, and a copy of *The Pearl* for 1829, containing 7 engravings—together with THE ARIEL.

The above works are warranted perfect in every respect, and are published by well-known booksellers. The Editor is prepared to supply any demand that may be made for them. He will deliver them to the successful competitors, free of cost, in Pittsburg, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Richmond, and at his own office. Competitors must say where they wish their copies delivered, and a written order will be forwarded them for the same: as no more copies will be sent to any place than are ordered. It is necessary that all orders for THE ARIEL be received by the first of May.

For three years past THE ARIEL has been supported by 4000 subscribers, to whom the Editor appeals for the fidelity with which all his promises have been fulfilled. He stakes his reputation that the *Fourth Volume* shall equal the promises above made, and that the premiums offered shall be satisfactory to those entitled to receive them. Gentlemen disposed to compete for any of the above valuable works, shall, on application to the Editor, (if by letter, post paid) be furnished with a specimen of THE ARIEL and its embellishments, for exhibition among their friends. The premiums will be delivered at the above named places, or sent in any way as directed, but in that case, at the risk of who ever so orders them. Address

EDMUND MORRIS,
Jan. 1830. 95, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

If those Editors to whom this paper is sent will insert the above once in two weeks, until the first of May, the favor will be reciprocated whenever demanded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Evil Geniuses" cannot be inserted—for if the writer has read this paper attentively, he would long since have known that we disapprove giving publicity to cases of suicide.

"P." can have his manuscript by calling at our office.

THE SKINNERS IN BIRCH'S HUT.

The Spy, vol. i. p. 160.

The visit of the Skinners to Harry Birch's hut, is one of the most interesting scenes in the Spy, and the artist has judiciously chosen the moment thus admirably described by the author:

"Every thing was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, for he refused to move an inch, when a figure entered the room that appalled the group; around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed from which he had just risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face, gave him the appearance of being from another world. Even Katy and Caesar thought it was the spirit of the elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed Skinners."

Saving Fund Society.—The annual report of this valuable institution has just appeared. We learn from it that the total amount of money deposited since the establishment of the Fund, is \$2,819,037.41, of which \$314,393.71, was received in 1829. The sum of \$325,000 is invested in mortgages, and the balance in bank stock, and government loans. The auditors conclude their report with these remarks:—“In the course of this examination, the auditors have derived great satisfaction, in the opportunity it has given them of expressing their opinions in favor of its good management, and in their conviction, that the safety and advantages it guarantees to the industrious and laboring poor, giving them the means of securing and saving on deposits, such portions of their earnings, as they can, from time to time, conveniently spare, and obtaining an interest thereon, is an evidence of the utility and value of this interesting institution.

Lead Mines on the Lehigh.—We find the following curious paragraph in Poulson's Advertiser:

Indian Crucibles.—A gentleman removing from Gloucester County, N. J. to Sullivan County, N. Y. had the misfortune to have his wagon broken down on the North and South Turnpike, about 20 miles north of the Wind Gap, (beyond the Blue Mountains, in Northampton County, Pa.) Whilst his wagon was repairing, some hunters returned from the woods with several stone crucibles supposed to have been used by the Indians in melting silver, (more probably lead.) There is an old man now living near Bethlehem, who says when he was a boy, he was hunting in that neighborhood in company with a couple of Indians, before the Revolutionary War; they ran short of lead, when one of the Indians stepped down into the stream, and with his tomahawk cut some lead out of the bank, which they ran into bullets. Soon after this, those parts became the seat of Indian warfare, and for a while were not frequented by the whites, and before he went that way again he had lost sight of the spot, but thinks it was some of the streams emptying into the Lehigh beyond the Pokono Mountain.”

The metal found by the Indians was more likely what is called the *white metal*, as that is known to abound in many parts of Pennsylvania, and may be made to answer for bullets. There is a mine of this metal on Edge Hill, in Montgomery County, which a very honest man, named Marshall, ruined himself in opening, soon after the landing of William Penn, thinking it was silver. Another mine of the same metal lies in Buckingham township, Bucks County; and in the same County is also a very productive and valuable mine of *black lead*. Had the metal taken by the Indians from the side of the river been pure lead, or even lead ore, it is hardly probable the spot would have remained unknown at the present day. Some tradition of it would have been preserved by the Moravians at Bethlehem, who occupied that town long before the Revolution.

We are occasionally surprised to learn from some of our exchange papers, the great extent to which manufactures of various kinds are carried in small villages. Morris County, in New Jersey, sells \$30,000 worth of *brooms* every year; and a single village in Connecticut realizes \$50,000 from the sale of *silk* raised in the town, principally by females. Weathersfield has been celebrated time immemorial for its onions—as important an article in making up a ship's cargo and stores, as the famous cabbages of Communipaw, of which such eloquent discourse is had in Kniekerbocker. But

we now learn, and for the first time, that in the village of Johnstown, Montgomery County, New York, \$130,000 worth of *leather gloves* and *mittens* are manufactured yearly! It is a remarkable produce for an inland town of any state. So great is the business which this trade creates, that an application is made to establish a bank in the village. The markets of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and all the New England states, are supplied by the artisans of Johnstown. The business of dressing skins, and making them up, furnishes employment to more than a thousand hands.

How many interesting items of local intelligence of various kinds could be furnished by country Editors, if they were disposed. Our friend at Mount Holly, who rubbed us down a week or two ago on this subject, could furnish a dozen columns—the localities of his neighborhood are sufficiently interesting. Our friends at Chester, Freehold, Easton, &c. should all be active. The Address of the Pittsburg Gazette, which we published two weeks since, deserves high praise. Its *facts* were worth ten times as much as the *fancy* of all the Addresses in the country put together.

History of Lynn.—A neat little book under this title has just been published at Lynn, Massachusetts. The author relates that about a century ago a snow fell in Lynn, about twenty feet deep, that the inhabitants got out on it from their chimney-tops, &c. He also tells the following—

“A whale seventy-feet five in length, was landed on King's (Lynn) Beach, in the month of December, (1756.) Dr. Henry Burchsted rode into his mouth, in a chair drawn by a horse; and afterwards had two of his ribs set up for gate posts, at his house in Essex street, where they stood for more than fifty years.”

We are quite positive it was somebody else who said the fog in the bay of Funday was used by the inhabitants to make grindstones of, and that the lands in Florida were so fertile as to yield ten bushels of frogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence it.

Break de Gig.—A Frenchman once kept a livery stable in this city, who could speak English but poorly, and sometimes, as appears by the following story, spoke it worse than he understood it. One morning a gentleman called to hire a horse “well broke to the gig,” as he was about to flourish a new vehicle of that description. “Eh! oui, monsieur, I ave de cheval vat is sure broke to de gig, he will do it parfaitemeint.” The horse was hired and placed in the new gig, but very soon came back with it dangling to his heels, and miserably “broke.” Our knight of the whip complained sadly of the cheating Frenchman, but could get no other reply than “ma foi, did I not foretell you, he breakee de gig; he break all de gig vat he is ever put to, so you ask for a horse vell broke to de gig, I vas sure I could warrant him.” The gig owner themselves this cold weather, have commenced emptying them into the street. I think I shall adopt the same course, especially as my eyes are nearly blinded by the dust already thrown out, which my small heap cannot add much to. Q.

Richard Penn Smith's play of the *Deformed*, has met with very friendly critics, and is pronounced a successful effort of the American muse. How far we are polite enough, and old enough as a nation, to patronise playwrights, is a question which seems likely to be tested by the experience of this author. For ourselves, we would prefer dependence for a little longer period on the mother country for plays and players. When we conquer all our forests it will be time enough for our population to play.

Courts of Justice.—We have not met with a newspaper remark for a long time, which pleased us better than the one which we quote below from the National Gazette of Tuesday. Whoever has been on a jury in any of the courts of this city, but more particularly in those having cognizance of small debts and crimes, will see its force and bearing—

“There is a trait in our nature which seems to be often exemplified in courts of justice, than elsewhere, and particularly in large capitals. We allude to the concourse of persons passing their days in listening to trials, civil or criminal, in

which they have properly no concern, and taking a deep interest in the issue, as it may effect others—entire strangers to them—while their own affairs are falling behind hand, or hastening to ruin, through inattention. Hours, all precious for important purposes, are thus strangely wasted; as they frequently are in the perusal of romances, of which the fictitious heroes engross a sensibility and time, due, and even indispensable to the business and families of the readers.”

Miss Gordon.—This is the name of the young lady so mysteriously forced into a carriage in the streets of New York, a week or two ago. The Mayor offers \$500 for the apprehension of the fellow who attempted the abduction. A paragraph in a Rochester paper says her abductor was one who wished to marry her, but whose suit was opposed by the parents. A person was in the carriage, ready to marry them on the spot.

The Columbian Star of this city, a *religious* paper, advocates the removal of the Georgia Indians, and the consequent breach of solemn treaties made by the government.

ITEMS.

Good.—The Legislature of Vermont has abolished military trainings, except one in each year, to look at the locks and pick the flints—and see the men. The Vermontese know nothing or two.

In the list of stolen property registered at the Police Office, is mentioned a letter from President Andrew Jackson!

A gourd, stopped with a wooden plug, and a handkerchief drawn over it, was used for a ballot box, in Powell's Valley, Tenn. at a late election of Member of Congress.

A gentleman who was not overstocked with intellect, while reading the doings of our State Legislature, remarked that he “should not much like to be appointed as a *standing* committee man.” “Why?” inquired another. “Because,” said he, “I had much rather sit than stand, and who would want to *stand up* during all the session of our legislature! Conscience, I wouldn't!”

A few days ago, Mr. David H. Chapin, of Clarkson, Genesee county, while drawing boards, fell from the wagon, and the wheel passed over his body and bruised him in such a manner that he died soon after. Mr. C. was formerly of Otsego county. He has left a wife and seven children to deplore his loss.

An ox, apparently in good health, weighing 300 pounds, was slaughtered, in Snow Hill, Maryland, a few days since, in the heart of which was found a large sized knitting needle.

Settlement of Boston.—In a few months, says the Boston Courier, two centuries will have been completed since the first settlement of this peninsula.

Death by Frost.—A man named Thomas Smith, was frozen to death on Saturday night last, in Greenwich street. It was the coldest night we have had for several years.

The trustees of the village of Brooklyn, offer a reward of \$100 for the arrest of Goodman, who was concerned with Smith and Henderson, in the burglary upon Mr. Schenck's store.

Alderman Rogers, whose absence in the West Indies has been unexpectedly prolonged, is said to be now on his return.

The National Journal, printed at Washington, has been disposed of by its proprietor, Mr. Peter Force, to Mr. George Waterston, late Librarian to Congress. It will pursue the same course in politics as heretofore.

Willis, the famous bugleman and leader of the West Point band, died at that post on Monday of last week, and was buried with the honors of war.

Definition of a Dentist.—The following is the only epigram furnished by the whole of the Annals for 1830. It appears in “The Gem,” and is a translation from the French:—

“A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone, For those whom fate has left without; And finds provision for his own, By pulling other people's out.”

It is stated in one of the New York papers, that at Albany, last week, the ice in the North River was strong enough to bear the transportation of a piece of rock, which weighed above eight tons.

Mr. Tariff.—At a late election in Rhode Island, a country magistrate, who knew how to write his name, and whose heart swelled to the size of an ox's, at the mention of *patriotism*, entered a bar-room near the polls; “Mr. —,” said he, “I've changed my opinions; I mean to vote against Mr. B.—; for I've enquired into the business of this Mr. Tariff, and find that he's a southern merchant who's failed, and has petitioned Congress for re-

lief. Now Mr. B.— is friendly to this Tariff, and I've no notion of any man that is in favor of these rascally swindlers.”

Juvenile Pun.—One of Mr. Spurr's juvenile readers we hear perpetrated a very clever pun a day or two since. In taking up the “Commentator,” just before dinner, the lad exclaimed, “Mamma, is this a *common tater* or a *Carolina tater*?” “Carolina, my dear,” was the reply.

A Curious Association.—An alderman of New York has stopped, as stolen, a china vase and some bristles. The thief must have been an actor of all work.

Independence of the Press.—An Ohio Editor declines publishing an obituary notice of two columns, on the death of an infant three months old! deeming it rather too long; and for which refusal the writer stopped his paper.

Murder.—A letter to the editors of the American, from Harper's Ferry, Va. under date of January 29, details the particulars of a most daring outrage committed on the afternoon of that day. A young man named Ebenezer Cox, walked into the office of Col. Thomas B. Dunn, and then with a loaded musket killed him dead on the spot. Cox is about 22 or 23 years of age and bears a most desperate character. He had formerly been employed in the army, but was dismissed for improper conduct previous to the appointment of Col. Dunn. The latter had forbidden him the premises, in revenge for which he committed this atrocious murder. Cox has been apprehended and committed to Charlestown jail.

The funds of the Savings Bank of New Bedford, Mass. amount to the sum of \$139,116. A dividend of 5 1/2 per cent. was made to the depositors for the last six months.

The select men of Gloucester, Mass. have published a notice informing the idle boys of that town, that if they are found playing the truant in school hours they will be treated as vagrants, according to law.

On the 11th of March next, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte will be 19 years of age.

Land of Nod. A country clergyman who was somewhat *lengthy* in his discourse, lately got as far as *fifteenth*-ly and *sixteenth*-ly before he discovered that his officers were *nid*, *nid*, nodding under the effects of his soporiferous homily. He cut short with an “improvement,” divided into eleven heads.

The President of the United States and Vice President are antipodes in opinion respecting National Banks. The latter was the author of the institution.—*Boston Gaz.*

A mercantile firm in Portsmouth, N. H. is composed of Messrs. “Pray & Neal.” It ought to be reversed, “Kneel & Pray.”

The sufferers by the late fire at Cincinnati, had had a benefit at the theatre in that place, on the 4th inst. at which Clara Fisher, and the theatrical corps generally, performed gratuitously.

The receipts of the Exhibition of West's Picture of Christ rejected, at New York, on Wednesday, for the benefit of the Infant School, amounted to \$160 80 cents. The whole sum received since the commencement of the exhibition, amounts to upwards of \$6000.

The Louisville Public Advertiser announces the establishment, by the authorities of that city, of a school at the public expense, which is stated to be the first south of the Ohio. It is opened to the children of all the citizens, and has two teachers. The number of pupils entered is 300. The building, which is erected at the public expense, is 94 feet long, and 42 wide, and three stories high.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The strictures on the Mayor, by “S. R.” cannot appear. He has been in office too short a time to be fairly liable to such remarks.

We again say that no notices of marriages and deaths can appear if sent anonymously.

The scene described as having happened at the corner of a street where dram-shops abound, must be vouched for by the writer—especially as names are mentioned.

“Violetta” is exceedingly inquisitive. If she will call in person at our office, every enquiry shall be satisfactorily answered, and with the utmost pleasure.

“An Unobserved Observer” is sadly mistaken—he has judged too hastily of the individual in question, and should remember that

“————— Appearances deceive: And this one maxim is standing rule— Men are not what they seem.”

“Araby” has chosen a strange signature, but not stranger than his subject. We cannot publish him.

From the London Court Journal.
NAPOLEON AND ISABEY THE PAINTER.

I called one morning on Isabey, to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. I found him in his *atelier*, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with the most distinguished characters of his day. (This picture is now almost generally known, through the medium of the engraving. It represents the Hall of the Congress, at the moment when the Duke of Wellington was introduced by Prince Metternich.) In a moment I found myself surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women, at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isabey was just finishing, when I met him at Schönbrunn; also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner!" said I. "Unquestionably," replied Isabey, "and that, together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time well nigh proved fatal to me. During the Consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Buonaparte's young aids-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the Chatteau, to play at leap-frog; you know that was a favorite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not yet completed my task, I ran forward, but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck, I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least ten yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Buonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation in the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he rose and drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris; and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tulleries. I immediately ascended to Madame Buonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the Consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appealing him, which to her was no very difficult task, for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed, her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence, to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

"On my return home, I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tulleries; and it was during my temporary retirement that I finished the

portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Buonaparte, on presenting it to the Consul, obtained my pardon and my recall to Court. The first time Buonaparte saw me after this affair, was in Josephine's apartments, and stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me on the cheek—saying—"Really, sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly."—"Mon dieu," said Josephine, laughing, "if you had seen his look of terror when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility."

Isabey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery; and he accompanied the story with expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visible before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon prostrate on the ground, and then rising to vent his rage, like an angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolt.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing at her lovely face—aye lovely even now:
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first grey hair.
Time from her hath ta'en away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face,
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.
The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confess,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that can-not rest.

But she hath been a happy wife—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep;
Her life hath been a cloudless one;—then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.
She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair! oh, deems it dot a crime
For her to weep—when she beholds the first foot mark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty 'on the wane,
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to bud, and bloom again,
It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,
The spring forever gone—the summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the monitor! thy mirror tells thee truth,
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth.
Go!—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'l still look fair;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first gray hair!

From the Amulet.
THE FALL OF BAJAZET.

Since the fall of the Roman empire under the northern barbarians, dominion was never sought for on so gigantic a scale as by the armies that now moved from the extremities of Asia into the memorable plain of Angora, to fatten the soil with their blood. Bajazet brought into the field four hundred thousand horse and foot of the most famous and highest disciplined troops in the world. Timour, gathering his force on the mountains, rushed down with twice the number, inferior in their equipment and order, but accustomed to Asiatic war, and confiding in the splendid genius, and still more in the perpetual prosperity, of their mighty chieftain.—The battle was fought in the year 1401, the year of Hegira 804. During the early part of this tremendous encounter, Bajazet drove all before him. The square of the Janizaries, flanked by two columns of thirty thousand cavalry, trampled down the light armed multitude of the Mongols, and the battle seemed won. It is recorded, that exactly as the day was in the meridian, Bajazet, spurring his horse up a slight ascent in the centre of the plain, and seeing it covered to the horizon with the flying squadrons, cried aloud, with a gesture of pride and scorn, to the sun, "that thenceforth he might hide his beams, for Bajazet should be the glory of the world." A well-known voice fell in his ear, "By pride fell the angel of the stars." He turned, and, to his unspeakable surprise saw Achmet the Delhi. "By pride" (said another voice,) that fallen angel is still king of the air." The voice was Murad's, who had just ascended the hill, and was gazing at the defeat of the enemy.—A sudden roar of battle below checked the Sultan's answer, and brandishing his lance, and giving his horse the reign, he rushed forward, with but one wild exclamation, "Nor heaven nor hell shall snatch this victory out of my hand!" The battle had been renewed. Timour's reserve, in itself an army, had advanced and charged the Janizaries: fatigue, and the intense heat of the burning day of Asia, had exhausted those brave troops; but the arrival of Bajazet, as he rode shouting in front of the immense square, and the brilliant courage of the Vizier, gave them new strength, and they repelled the charge with desperate slaughter. The Sultan now ordered the cavalry to advance and trample the disordered ranks of the enemy, but a sudden shout was heard, and the whole of the Anatolian horse wheeling round, galloped off to the standard of Timour, leaving the flank of the Janizaries uncovered. The cry of treachery spread, and all was immediate ruin. The Mongol arrows came showering in incessant flights; charge upon charge, the grand manœuvre of Timour's battles wore down the Ottoman's. On that day the square had repulsed nineteen distinct attacks; but the Sultan, as the sun was just touching the horizon, saw that a more formidable attack was preparing, and saw with a bitter reflection on his boast, that the light of his glory on that day, was not to survive the decline of the great luminary. The twilight is rapid in the climates of the south, and objects were scarcely visible beyond a few paces, when the Sultan heard a trampling, which shook the ground under him. He knew it to be the movement of Timour's whole reserve of cavalry. The dust came before them like a whirlwind; and the screams and clashing of arms, as they tore their way over the Turkish squadrons in his front, told with what irresistible force they must soon reach the spot where he sadly stood, amidst the last veterans of his once magnificent army. "The hour is come for us all to die," said the dejected monarch.

"Blessed are they who die in the act of

mercy," said Achmet, stooping over his saddle-bow to give a cup of water to a wounded soldier. "Glorious are they who die in the act of vengeance," exclaimed Murad, as he put spurs to his horse, and darted forward into the darkness, with the force of a thunderbolt. He returned at full speed, dragging a young Mogol chieftain by the hair. Bajazet's scimitar already flashed over the prisoner's head. The voice of Achmet again retained his fury. "To every man," said the Delhi, "are given at his birth two angels,—one to destroy, and one to save; which will the Sultan obey?" His hearer paused. But Murad spurred up to his side, and, pointing to the prisoner, exclaimed, "There stands the only offspring of Timour." The blood boiled in Bajazet's bosom at the thought; he whirled the weapon round his head to make the blow sure; but at the same instant, he fell, as if his brain were crushed in by a blow of a mace, and dropped under the horse's feet. On that day his tyranny, his ambition, his freedom, and his throne had passed away for ever. The chief of the Tatars, the Zagatai Khans, found him in a field under a heap of corpses, and brought him in chains to the feet of Timour. But the conquered Prince was spared the consciousness of his degradation. His sense was gone, he was a raving madman; and in this state he was carried at the head of Timour's march through Asia Minor, as a terrible example of the wrath of the universal conqueror.

A Doctor of Divinity and a Justice of the Peace met upon the road, the former well mounted and the latter on foot;— "Doctor says the pedestrian, "your great master had the humility to ride upon an ass, and one would think an ass might have served your turn." Alas, alas! Sir," says the Doctor, "the asses, they say, are all made Justices, and there are none to be gotten."

CONSOLATION FOR BACHELORS.

Don't bother us, Hal, with your love-broken hearts,
Away with this whining and sorrow;
A fig for your Cupid, his bow, and his darts!
Fill the glass, and let care come to-morrow!

The girl that you love has deceived you—why, then,
Thank your stars that the match has miscarried;
The wench that would jilt you when single, 'tis
Would readily wrong you when married. (plain)

Her heart, like a weathercock set on a hill,
To pleasure for ever is veering;
And she drives down the current of passion and will,
Like a ship on the ocean careening.

Give her wealth, give her wealth, give her tinsel
and show,
Give her banquetings, music, and laughter,
And she'll make to herself a song heaven below,
For fear she should have none hereafter.

She'll ogle at church, she will scheme at the ball.
She will flirt at the rout and the revel;
She will cant at conventicles, sneer in the hall,
And laugh at both parson and devil.

Her charms are but summer flowers spread o'er
To which stupid simpletons hurry: [the snare,
For if a man wants a long life-lease of care,
Let him marry, by Jove, let him marry!

And then, like the knight in the tale, he will sleep
In the fitters in which she hath bound him,
Until he awakes from his slumber deep
With the squalling of urchins around him.

Then why, my dear Hal, should you idle repine,
That you've got no such pest by your ingle?
Thank Heaven, that has left you a cup of good
wine,
A good friend and good sense to live, single.

Those Editors to whom the Ariel is sent in exchange, will confer a particular obligation on us by inserting at least the *List of Premiums*, should the whole *Prospectus* be too long for their limits. We hold ourselves ready to return the favor whenever it may be desired.

MORAL.

STUDY OF THE WORKS OF GOD.—This is undoubtedly the noblest study that can ever engage the attention of intelligent beings. To the serious and well ordered mind; and to the renewed and pious heart, there is no study more sublime, or more attractive and profitable. Every where, from the smallest particle, up to the worlds of almost inconceivable magnitude—from the microscopic insect, to the most formidable monsters of earth and ocean—from the gently bubbling spring of the valley, to the thundering cataract, we can easily trace the finger of Deity, and discover abundant evidences of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. We can look upon the universe as the vast temple of the Almighty King—heaven as his throne—earth as his footstool—angels as his ministers to do his will—the children of men, too, as his creatures and servants. The sun, moon, and stars, and every thing that is grand and beautiful, in heaven and earth, are but so many princely ornaments with which He hath embellished his palace, decking it with a fadeless glory, and rendering it worthy its great Builder and Maker.

The more deeply and curiously we search into every part of the works of nature, the more clearly shall we perceive shining forth in them the attributes of God. “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.” All things, above and below, whether animated or inanimate, are so fearfully and wonderfully made; there is in them so much evident and inimitable skill of contrivance—such delicacy, beauty, and perfection of workmanship—such regularity and harmony in the midst of boundless variety—such a complete and astonishing adaption of means to some purposed and valuable ends—such a wise connexion and subserviency of all things in the great plan of Divine Providence, that tho’ there were neither speech nor language heard among them; yet would the silently and most convincingly point to the origin whence they sprung, and lead our contemplative spirits to worship and adore their Omnipotent Author. In the true and impressive language of nature and religion, they seem forever to say—“the hand that made us is divine.”

The greatest and best men who have ever existed, have been much occupied in the study of nature. It seems to have been their delight. It served to humble their pride, to elevate the affections, to purify their hearts, and inspire them with the noblest sentiments. From the living creatures, from the brooks and trees, from the clouds and lightnings, from the heavenly luminaries, from all things visible, as from so many mirrors, they could behold the reflected image of Deity. They delighted to expatiate over the wide works of creation, and meditate upon the wonders which the Creator hath wrought. There is, perhaps, no closer or sweeter communion, than that which the thoughtful and devout man holds with the Eternal Spirit, through the medium of his works. When silently looking around him upon the boundless expanse, and meditating upon the unnumbered mysteries and marvels of the universe, he sees and feels the presence of the unsearchable God. The stars seem to shine and sing together to his glory. The cedars, and all the forests upon a thousand hills, seem to wave their lofty heads in homage. The thunders speak his dread, resistless power. Upon the broad heaving ocean, deep unto deep utters its voice, and proclaims the might of Him who ruleth the winds, and storms, and waves.

If, as no one can deny, the study of the animated productions of nature be one of

the most delightful that can occupy the attention of man, it is equally true, that of that wide and varied kingdom, the true, the chosen province, the very paradise, is the birds. The gracefulness of their forms, the exquisite delicacy of their covering, the inimitable brilliancy of their colours, the light and life giving transparency of the elements in which they live, singular variety of their habits, the delightful melody of their songs, and the most singular fact, that, with organs apparently more unfitted for articulation than many of the quadrupeds, they are the only animals that can imitate man in the wonders of voice, and rival him in the intricacy of music: these, and a thousand other qualities, with the bare enumeration of which we could fill a number of our Journal, render the study of birds a favorite of every elegant mind. Even the fleetest of quadrupeds is heavy and lumbering, in comparison. We boast of the gray hound, which lies panting and breathless upon the earth if it courses round a moderately sized field, or the race-horse that is exhausted with a three-mile heat; but what are these to the little Swift, that can awaken from the eaves of an English cottage in the morning, and nestle in the date-tree on the borders of the great desert of Sahara before the sun be down. That little twitter is the very Puck of Creation: it cannot, indeed,

“Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes;”

but, at the rate of 250 miles an hour, which is considerably within the computation of Spallanzani, it can encircle the globe in less than four days, and thus be from England to Africa in the brief space of four hours: even the elder desk, apparently unwieldy as it is, could breakfast in Eastness and in sup Kent; and let the storm blow its worst, the golden eagle can dash right in the teeth of it at the rate of forty miles an hour.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

BY WILLIAM HOWETT.

The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep, Saying, “Now for a frolic! now for a leap! Now for a mad-cap galloping chase! I’ll make a commotion in every place!” So it swept with a bustle right through a great town, Creaking the signs, and scattering down Shutters; and whisking, with mereless squalls, Old women’s bonnets and gingerbread stalls; There never was heard a much lustier shout, As the apples and oranges trundled about; And the urchins, that stood with their thievish eyes Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize. Then away to the field it went blust’ring and hum- ming,

And the cattle all wonder’d whatever was coming; It pluck’d by their tails the grave matronly cows, And toss’d the colt’s manes all about their brows, Till, offended at such a familiar salute, They all turn’d their backs, and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks, Whistling with reeds on the broad river’s banks, Puffing the birds as they sate on the spray, Or the traveller grave on the king’s highway. It was not too nice to hustle the bags

Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:

“Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke With the doctor’s wig or the gentleman’s cloak.

Through the forest it roar’d and cried gaily, “Now,

You sturdy old oaks, I’ll make you howl!”

And it made them bow without more ado,

And crack’d their great branches thro’ and thro’.

Then it rush’d like a monster on cottage and farm,

Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;

And they ran out like bees, in a midsummer swarm;

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over

their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;

The turkeys they gobbed, the geese scream’d

aloud,

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;

There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,

Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to

be gone.

But the wind had press’d on, and had met, in a lane,

With a school-boy who panted and struggled in

vain;

For it toss’d him and twirl’d him, then and pass’d,

With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

[he stood

instructed themselves? how can they heal the sick or guide the blind?—*Lactantius.*

DUELING.

Tis hard indeed, if nothing will defend Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end; That now and then hero must decease, That the surviving world may live in peace. Perhaps, at last, close scrutiny may show The practice dastardly, and mean, and low; That men engage in it, compell’d by force, And fear, not courage, is its proper source; The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer, At least to trample on our Maker’s laws, And hazard life for any other cause.—*Couper.*

LOVERS.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Prythee, why so pale? Will, when looking ill won’t move her, Looking ill prevail? Prythee why so pale? Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move, This cannot take her; If of herself she will not love, Nothing can make her!—*Sir John Suckling.*

CHANGES.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with elapses, Tenets with books, and principles with times. *Pope.*

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and revealing one’s self to very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and of the inward peace of our own minds.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

DRUNKENNESS.

What dex’trous thousands, just within the goal Of wild debauch direct their nightly course! Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days, No morning admonitions shock the head. But ah! what woes remain! life rolls apace, And that incurable disease—*old age*, In youthful bodies more severely felt, More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime. *Armsstrong.*

EDUCATION.—I have ever thought the prohibition of the means of improving our rational nature, to be the worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared to exercise. This goes to all men in all situations, to whom education can be denied.—*Lavater.*

MARRIAGE.

How near am I to happiness! That earth exceeds not? Not another like it. The treasures of the deep are not so precious As are the concealed comforts of a man, Locked up in woman’s love. I scent the air Of blessings, when I come but near the house; What a delicious breath marriage sends forth! The violets-bed’s not sweeter. Honest wedlock Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden, On which the spring’s chaste flowers take delight To cast their modest odors.—*Middleton.*

To love an enemy is the distinguished characteristic of a religion which is not of a man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by him who lived and died to establish it by his example.—*Thom.*

LONDON.

Here the bribe’d lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps, The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves, Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves; The other with a clustering train behind, Owes his new honors to a sordid mind! This next in court fidelity excels, The public ruffles, and his country sells! *Gay’s Trivia.*

Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

MAN.

See him from nature rising slow to art! To copy instinct, there was reason’s part: Thus, then, to man the voice of nature spake— Go, from the creatures thy instruction take; Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield; Learn from the beasts the physics of the field; Thy arts of building from the bee receive; Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave; Learn of the little Nautilus to sail, Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale. *Pope.*

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